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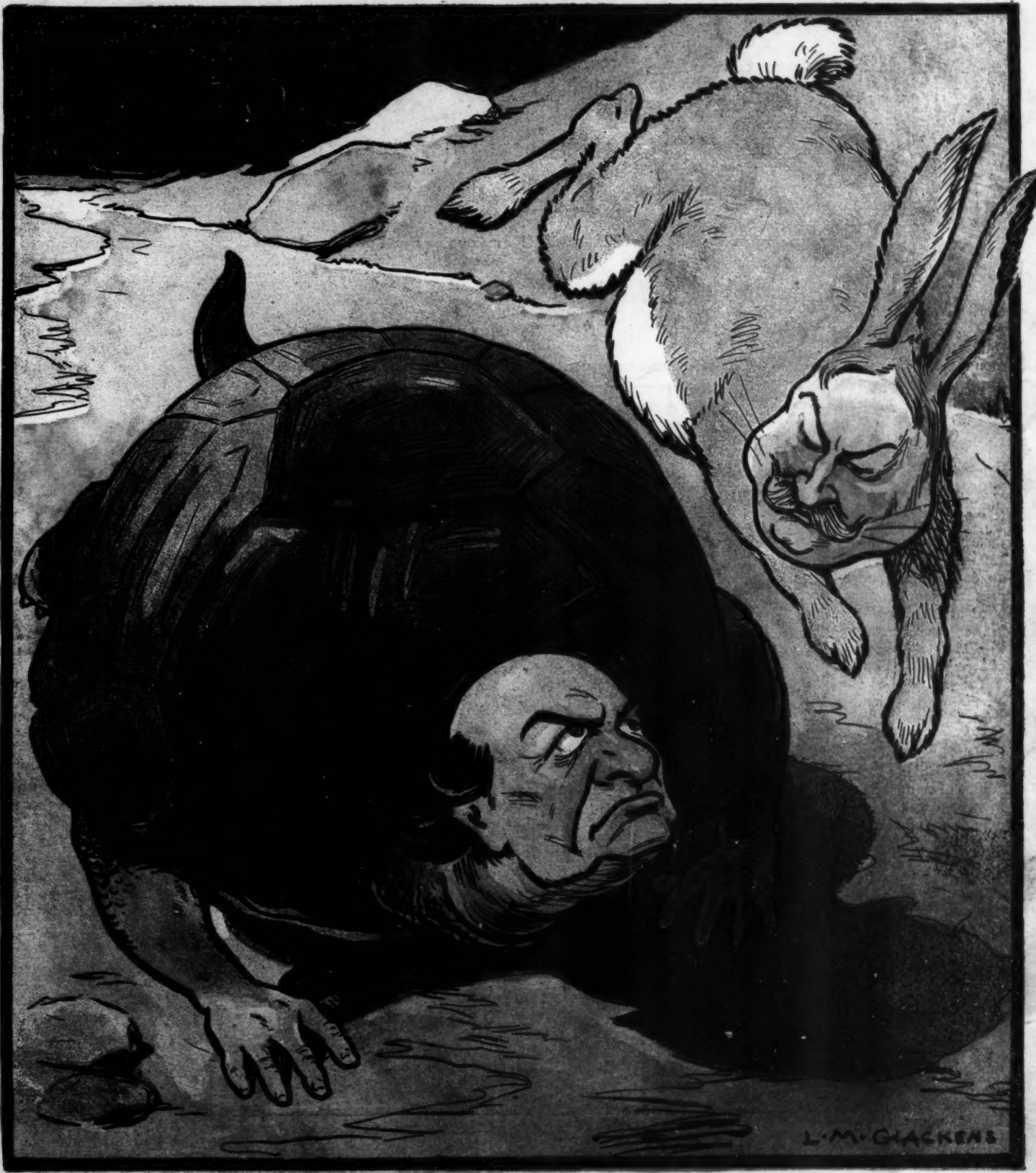
PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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THE REPUBLICAN HARE AND THE DEMOCRATIC TORTOISE.

THE TORTOISE.—If that chap only goes to sleep, I'll win out by a mile.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WHETHER MR. TAFT is elected or not, PUCK wishes him a long life. In the event of his election the citizens of these United States should pray for his continued existence. Sherman President! God preserve us from that!

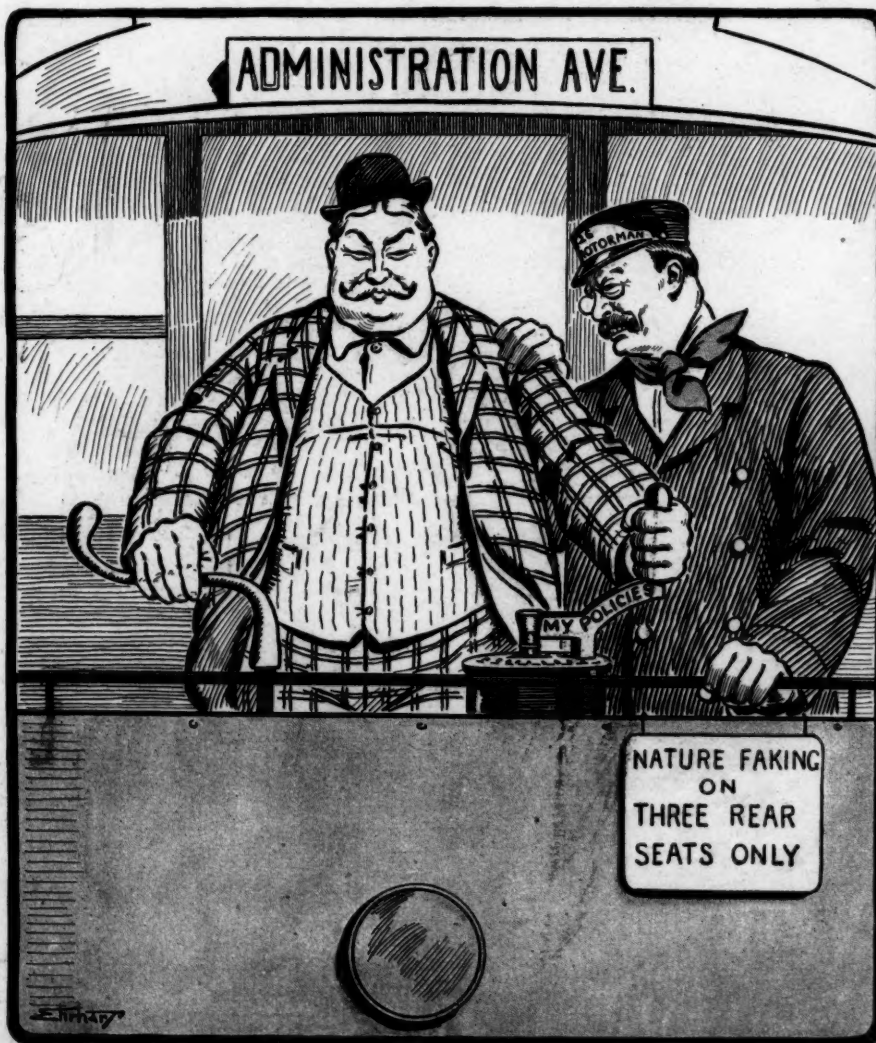
THE TARIFF should not be so high as to furnish a temptation to the formation of monopolies to appropriate the undue profit of excessive rates. — *The Republican Candidate.*

True, very true. Who knows but some day, in the indefinite future of course, a monopoly *might* be formed, the tariff providing the "temptation"? Competition killed by "excessive rates," certain home industries *might* see in the tariff a chance for "undue profit." The sharpest among them *might* even detect that with foreign goods shut out and domestic goods regulated and controlled in price, the consumer would be at the mercy of the producer. There *might* be a beef trust. There *might* be a steel trust. There *might* be other trusts, all tempted by the tariff "to the formation of monopolies to appropriate the undue profit of excessive rates." Mind, we say *might*.

IF ELECTED in November, Judge Taft need not be hampered by anything which the platform said or left unsaid in June. Nobody recalls or cares what the platform that Roosevelt ran on said. Platforms have the same quality of backbone as chocolate eclairs.

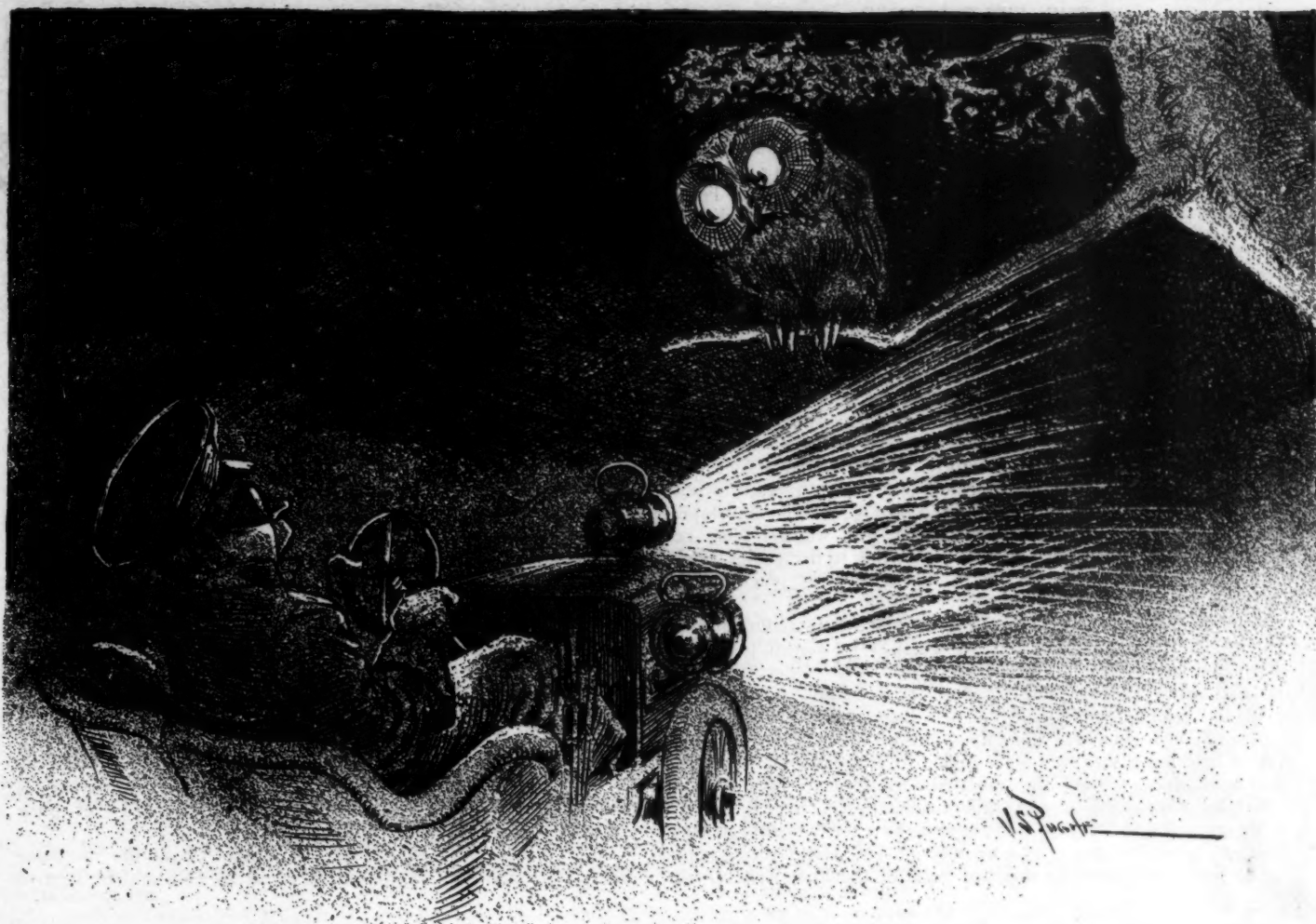
FEARFUL AND wonderful are the serpentine stunts certain papers perform in their support of Taft. Their difficulty is the venerable difficulty of persuading two and two to equal five, and they are making an awful mess of it. These papers have attacked Roosevelt and his policies with vituperative enthusiasm. Now they welcome Taft's candidacy as the harbinger of government-made Prosperity. Taft believes in Roosevelt's policies, and has said so repeatedly. "The policies which he inaugurated must be continued and developed. They are right and they are the policies of the people." So wrote Mr. Taft in a communication to *Collier's*. In the face of this utterance, however, and dozens like it, several papers persist in hailing Taft as the opposite of the President in every vital respect and, by inference, the champion of the reactionaries. It is a poor tribute that they pay to Taft's honesty of purpose, and a mighty bad compliment to the intelligence and memories of their readers.

THIS YEAR marks the tenth anniversary of our administration of the Philippines, and the little brown men still lack a square tariff deal. The fault is not Mr. Taft's; he has stood for a square deal. And contemplating his utterances past we are led to expect from him an equally enlightened attitude toward his white fellow-citizens. Surely he regards us with as much sympathy as he regards the Filipinos. Surely he believes that our Tariff ought to be revised, not by its "friends" and beneficiaries, but by the friends of all the people.



THE NEW MOTORMAN.

"NEVER MIND THE BRAKE, BILL; KEEP YOUR POWER ON."



IN THE DARK.

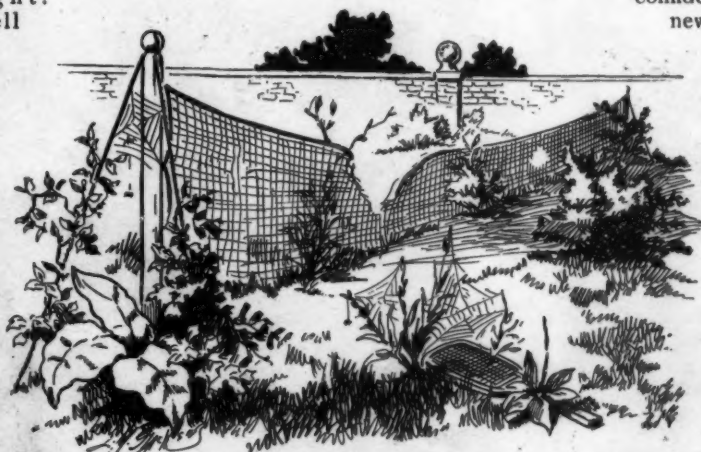
HOMEBOUND MOTORIST (after three hours at a road house).—"F that's a—er—owl, wha's he doin' with goggles on? An' if it's a motoris', wha's he doin' up a tree?"

ORIGINAL CONVERSATIONS.



NE of 'em goes like this: "Yes, sir, that dog can do anything but talk."
 "Well, it's wonderful the intelligence they have. Why, I had a fox-terrier once——"
 "And yet they say dogs can't reason! Why, a friend o' mine——"
 "That's right. You can't tell me——"
 "And when he was killed, it was just like losing one of the family. My wife——"
 "Well, sir, I believe if there's a hereafter for human beings, there's one for dogs. I don't see——"
 "Here——here! Come here, sir! You brainless little mutt! Have I got to lick you every day to teach you to quit nosin' those scraps on the bar-room floor? Go over in the corner and lay down!"

MERE man pays the freight, but no college is an Alma Pater.



THE WHITE HOUSE TENNIS COURT.

IF TAFT IS ELECTED PRESIDENT.

UNEXPECTED ALLY.

TRUTH was at the bottom of her well, but the Cost of Print Paper, by shouting very loud, made her hear.
 "I'm going to help you!" declared the Cost of Print Paper. Of course Truth hurried right up,—the way things were going she was mighty glad to be helped.

"Easy enough!" the Cost of Print Paper went on in a breezy, confident way. "I'm making it so the newspapers would rather take the trouble to get things right in the first place than give up so much space to denials the day after."

"Dear me, this is very gratifying!" exclaimed Truth, rubbing her hands and beaming cordially.

WATER!

"How did that Number Seven furnace happen to go out? No excuses, now!" bellowed the Hades Head Stoker.

"We threw in a High Financier," the Imp explained, "and neglected to take out of his pocket a bunch of stock that he had."

Some men are like hotel towels; they have only to absorb a small amount of moisture to be made useless.

PUCK

THE FIRST READER.



MISS—be very particular about the Miss—Emily Grace Green, signed all of her stories simply E. G. Green, which might just as well have meant Ebenezer George Green, or Elmer Gregory Green, or even Eliakim or Eusebius, Gamaliel or Gershom Green or any other combination from the E and G list of names of men in the back of the dictionary. Miss Green then, had been, for some time, a producer of short stories, a sort of rapid-fire or gatling gun authoress, who wrote two or three stories every twenty-four hours, and dispersed them to the four quarters of the universe in the kindly care of the United States Mail; from whence they returned again, after not many days, just like bread cast upon the waters, only more promptly. Miss Green didn't care however, because she had a private income sufficient to keep her in postage stamps, envelopes, paper and type-writer ribbons, and wanted fame not money and knew that in proportion to her genius would be the length of the period of neglect preceding its recognition.

Now it chanced that in one of the establishments for the promulgation of printed literature, to which Miss Green frequently addressed her long envelopes, there was a "first-reader" who had the bad habit of leaving the last sheet of the manuscripts which he read and rejected, on top of the first sheet and folding them up much to the detriment of the appearance of the manuscripts in the future, because a sheet of paper folded to fit the outside of even a thin manuscript, will not afterwards conform itself to the conditions which exist in the inside of the same manuscript, without being seriously crumpled. It is also difficult to make a newly typed last sheet fold neatly on the outside of a manuscript, and Miss Green was put to no little annoyance by this bad habit of the First Reader, who

resorted to this expedient, she supposed, to induce authors to believe that he read their manuscripts through to the very last word.

At last Miss Green enclosed a little note to the First Reader along with her story, calling his attention to the sad results of this habit and in reply he scribbled on the edge of a rejection slip a promise to do better.

He did better for a time and then forgot and Miss Green sent him another note and he scribbled another apology on the edge of the stereotyped slip which he enclosed with her returning manuscript.

The correspondence begun in this way appealed to Miss Green's imagination. She got into the habit of dropping a little slip in with all the stories she sent to this particular firm and scribbling on it some informal remark, concerning the weather or something of the kind, such as:

"Raining here to-day," or

"Forty below in this country this morning," or

"There's a robin sitting in the tree

beside my window looking at me," or

"Violets are in blossom here," or

"Seed catalogs are coming," or

"I've just been reading the Garden of Allah," or some other remark of like

nature, and the First Reader at the other end of the endless chain of traveling manuscripts fell into the habit of scribbling an answer on the edge or back of the rejection slips.

This was all very well as far as it went but E. G. Green had been employing her spare time in writing a novel, and woke up one morning to find herself at the head of the list of the six best sellers. So she went to New York to see what editors looked like and whether all the things which Shorty McCabe said about that town were so. She was heartily welcomed by her publishers and turned over to the guidance of a newspaper lady to see the sights.

With this guide she made the rounds of all the magazine offices, the addresses of which she knew so well, and in them all



THE RISING TIDE.

"I WONDER WHY THEY DON'T HURRY!"

ON AND OFF AND OFF AND ON.
THE MORAL BEING THAT IT IS DANGEROUS TO FLIRT.



"Here's me chance t' cop a swell lid.



"It takes a little noive an' a steady han', dat's all.



"NOW!!

was introduced as E. G. Green, the author of "The Flaming Fire," and in most of them was asked whether she did anything in short stories, and requested to contribute.

At last she came to the office of the concern with whose First Reader she had corresponded so long, and here she made a request which she had not made in any of the other offices. She wished to see the person whose business it was to inspect first the story manuscripts mailed to the magazine. The Editor in Chief who was himself doing the honors to this distinguished literary lady remarked that the person in question was very busy, but, having read the advertising sections of the magazines, she just insisted, and as she was E. G. Green, the author of "The Flaming Fire," nothing could be denied her.

The Editor in Chief, conducted her, accordingly, to the desk of the person in question. At this desk sat a magnificently large lady who wore eye-glasses, and was working very hard. She was a comparatively young lady, rather handsome, with a prominent nose, a determined chin, and apparently a great deal of force and decision of character.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Green, stopping short, behind the chair of this busy lady. "You are a woman!"

"No," said the busy lady, whirling sharply about in her chair, "I am a machine, a remailing machine."

"But," said the author of "The Flaming Fire," emphatically, "I am E. G. Green."

The Editor in Chief and the newspaper lady were standing near in puzzled silence not understanding what was going on before them. It seemed that there was a secret somewhere.

The authoress and the busy First Reader stared at each other in silence for a time, then the First Reader said slowly: "I always thought that E. G. Green was a man."

"And I thought *you* were a man."

They looked deeper into each others eyes. Then both blushed and laughed guiltily.

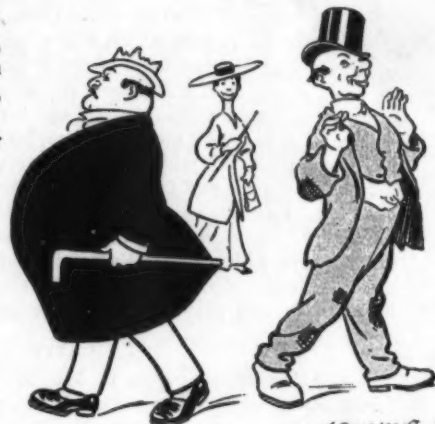
"Well, I see you have a great deal to do. I'll not bother you any longer," said the authoress.

As they were going away the Editor in Chief remarked blandly, "If you ever do anything in short fiction, Miss Green, I hope you'll give us a chance at it."

A shout of laughter from the reader's desk caused him to turn his head.

"Miss Wood must have run across something genuinely funny," he remarked. "It takes something more than an ordinary, everyday story to make her laugh like that."

W. J. B. Moses.



"It's disgustin' de way some of dese fresh geezers try t' flirt."



"ALL EXPENSES INCLUDED."

EUROPEAN BANDIT CHIEF (after the coach robbery).—Curses on these Personally Conducted tourists! The fourth lot of Americans this month, and again our loot is but souvenir postcards, souvenir spoons, guide books, stones, pressed leaves and pieces of lava!

IMMUNITY.

FULL many a nose of purest ray serene,
Deeply imbibing Bacchanals e'en bear,—
Full many a soak is born to lush unseen,
And breathing leave no trace upon the air.

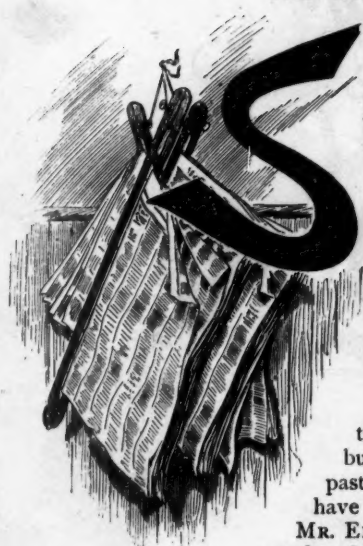
NOT INDEMNIFIABLE.

THE unhappy man was now seeking to recover, under the Employer's Liability Act. "My boss," he testified, "raised my wages, and I got married. No, I swear I shouldn't have got married if he hadn't raised my wages."

But the court held, after hearing all the evidence, that the plaintiff had been guilty of contributory negligence; and the suit was dismissed.

In the soonness of the fool's parting with his money lies the next fool's hope of getting rich quick.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF REFORM.



SCENE: Forward main deck of Hudson River ferry-boat. A smart north-east wind, bearing a faint smell of salt, invigorates the crowd, just out of the hot cars, while the magnificent skyline of the City suggests a further inspiration. A little group of commuters are talking earnestly.

MR. MORRIS (who reads the "World").—There is no doubt that great crimes have been perpetrated on us by the people in high places, but it's largely our own fault. In future we must keep in closer touch with our large affairs. We must hold to the same rigid honor in big matters which is our standard in small.

MR. ESSEX (who reads the "Times").—I think the crimes you speak of are exaggerated, but no doubt there have been conditions in the past which will never again obtain, now that we have been swept by this great wave of reform.

MR. ERIE (who reads the "American").—Exaggerated nothing! All our leaders in finance ought to be in jail, with most of our politicians to keep them company. But not one of 'em will ever get there until we take the trouble to locate petty graft and follow it up to the end, no matter —

MR. LACKAWANNA (who reads the "Sun").—That's right, knock! As though it hadn't already cost us enough to be a nation of knockers, with a Great Empty Sound to rule us. Quit it. Business is asleep. Wake it up. Banish suspicion, extend your credits, hustle a bit, and pray to be let alone by the Great Destroyer.

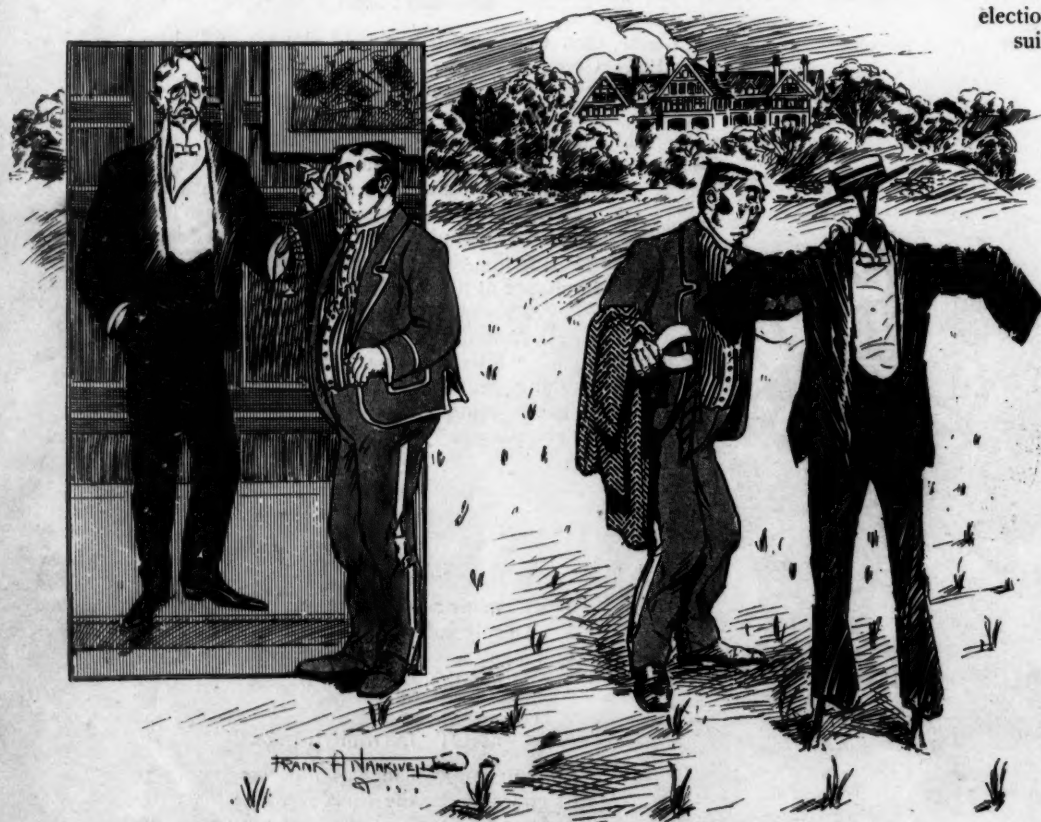
LATER.

(In Mr. Morris's office.) **MR. M.** (who reads the "World," to his stenographer).—Now, Miss Jones, please witness my signature on these stock-voting proxies. Never mind filling out that insurance



Dear George
Had a picnic today
Wish you were with us
Fred.

POST MORTEM POSTCARDS.—V.



ON THE FARM OF A "GENTLEMAN-FARMER."

GENTLEMAN FARMER.—Six o'clock, James.
HIS VALET.—Yessir!

JAMES.—It's bloomin' degradin', that's wot it is, havin' t' dress a scarecrow three times a day.

election blank—they've got that all framed up to suit themselves. Take this declaration that I have no taxable property in Jersey to my notary and have him attest my oath.

(In Mr. Essex's office.) **MR. E.** (who reads the "Times," to a client).—Well, you see, the courts have severely criticized this course of procedure in several instances, but where the matter at stake is so important to ourselves, and the case so little likely to receive public attention, I think we may safely assume the risk.

(In Mr. Erie's office.) **MR. E.** (who reads the "American," to a clerk).—The general order has expired on that "Europa" importation and the inspector may send the whole thing into store before we can get the landing permit up. The charges will take every cent of profit. Get the right man and see if ten dollars will fix him.

(In Mr. Lackawanna's office.) **MR. L.** (who reads the "Sun," to a friend).—Sorry, old man, that I can't renew that loan. Fact is, I don't like the general outlook, and I've got obligations that will stretch me to the limit. Say, can't you catch the 3:10 and have some tennis? Might just as well be at home till that wild man at Washington lets us do business again.

Layton Brewer.

THAT'S PROPER.

MRS. BENHAM.—What do they do when the city has distinguished visitors?

BENHAM.—If they are men, give them the freedom of the city and if women, freedom of the dry goods stores.

Marriage is a failure when the man handles all the assets, and the woman all the liabilities.

THE BAD BREAK OF BEDELIA.



BEDELIA O'SHAUNNESSEY, forty an' stout,
For twenty-odd years av her loife had lived
out.

As a cook lady should, sure she ruled
below stairs,
Where she reigned loike a quane av
domestic affairs.
An' the places she had in thim twenty-
odd years
Ye couldn't have counted in forty, me
dears.
Her comin's an' goin's no wan could
kape track av thim;
A new place aich month, for the girrul
had no lack av thim.

Bedelia O'Shaunnessey, just loike the
rest av us

Some toime must do, yis, the worst
an' the best av us,

Doied in her bed, as a Christian should do;

Doied wid rheumatics, an' ploorisy, too.

Not, be it known, from her use av the can,

For kerosene niver her foires began;

An' as for the other, the can that's for lushin',

Bedelia O'Shaunnessey sildom was rushin'.

Bedelia O'Shaunnessey, as Oi was sayin',
Doied in her bed, an' wid vigorous prayin',
Aftir the funeral, — my! but 'twas gr-r-rand! —
Foinally came to the brougnt promised land.
There at the gate, wid his arms stretched to meet her,
Who should be standin' but good old Saint Peter
Sayin': "Phwat girrul is this comin' on Oi see?
Sure, 'tis no other than 'Delia O'Shaunnessey."

"Welcome!" cried Peter. "Sure, we've been expectin' you.
Bless'd be the merciful powers electin' ye.
Come an' pick out yer celestial gown;
Pick out yer halo an' harp, an' set down."
Phwat did Bedelia O'Shaunnessey do?
Was she overcome by the honor, think you?
Listen! Oi'll tell ye av 'Delia defiant,
Just as 'twas tould to me by the clairvyant.

Sure, thin, Bedelia, wid habit mislead,
Forgot where she was, an' to Peter she said:
"Peter," she said, ye've a good honest face,
But how'd Oi know Oi'll be loikin' the place?
Ye know Oi must have ivery Thursday, no doubt,
An' loikewise me Sunda's Oi always have out."
An' thin said Saint Peter, a-swingin' his key:
"Ye can have the whole toime out, Bedelia,"
said he. Sam S. Stinson.

FETCHING HIM TO LIMERICK.

"UMPH! — now, dar was Brudder 'Dolphus
Shinpaw and Sistah Lulabelle Shinpaw,
his wife," said good old Brother Quacken-
boss, who was relating the incident. "Well-
uh, Brudder 'Dolphus was one o' dese yuh
still men, stiddy as an eight-day clock and
no-ways given to transplavication at no time;
and Pahson Bagster bemoaned dat he didn't
'thuse loud enough at de revival. Brudder
'Dolphus 'lowed in his quiet way when de preacher
called to 'spostulate wid him, dat as fur as he could
learn de Lawd hadn't gone on no long visit and
darfo' dar wa'n't no necessity of hollerin' at Him; but
de clergyman opinionated, and Sistah Lulabelle 'greed
wid him — and, aw, suzz, whoever yeahed tell, in deir
wildest dreams of a lady dat wasn't uh-holdin' herse'f
plumb in readiness to 'gree wid de preacher in anysawt-uh
protoplasm ag'in' her husband? (Done buried three of
'em, muhse'f, and knows 'em like a book — knows all de
convolutions of dese yuh lady-folks, sah!) dat a bird dat

could sing and wouldn't sing should be made to sing, and a Mefer-
dist in good stan'in' dat can shout and won't shout ort to be compul-
sated to lift up his voice in loud hozanners. And dey done invaded
po' Brudder 'Dolphus, de lady wid tears of entreaty in her eyes and
a bed-slat in her hand and de preacher wid
a 'propriate text and an incidental axe-
helve, as yo' mought call it; and —
ah, Lawd! — de gen'leman
shouted, and he shouted loud
enough to sadisfy de most
fastidious! Yassah, he
sho'ly come th'oo, 'laborate
and han'some!"

Tom P. Morgan.



HEARTS.

THEY tell a pretty story of
how the good princess
came to lose her heart.

Like so many other things, it happened once upon a time. The
princess beheld a very handsome prince, who seemed furthermore
to be extraordinarily clever, and her heart went out to him.

But heart was not used to going out, and it was soon lost.

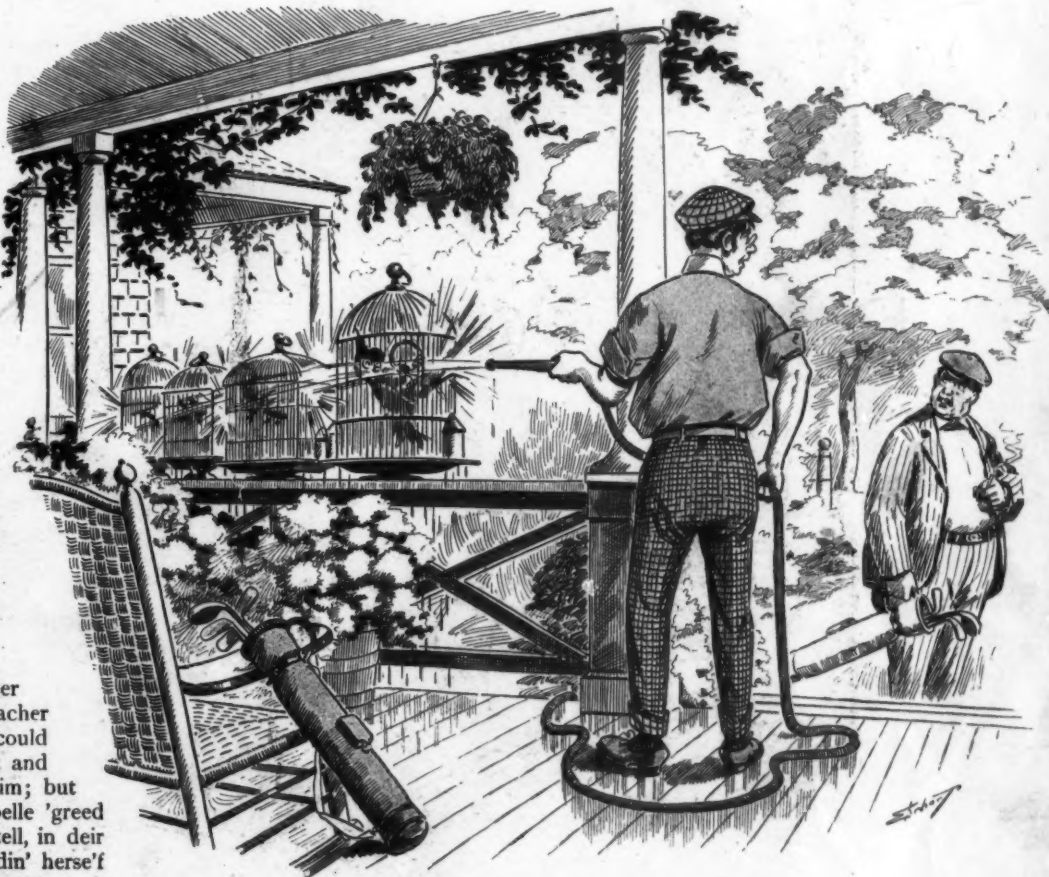
Some maintain that the feminine heart is pretty much incapable
of going out in such fashion, for the first time, without being lost;
and to this circumstance they ascribe the custom, so prevalent
among girls, of wearing their hearts on their sleeves, where they
can't get away.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

CONDUCTOR. — This here transfer expired an hour ago, lady.
THE LADY (digging in her purse, snappishly). — No wonder!
— with not a single ventilator open in the whole car!

FORETOLD.

ELSA. — The paper says that the bride was unattended.
STELLA. — That notice was written up in advance of the wed-
ding, but it was a good guess; the bridegroom failed to show up.



A CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.

"Be with you in a minute, Jim. Told my wife, when she left, that
I'd be sure to give the birds their bath."



THE PUCK PRESS

THE RAKE'S PRO

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"

PUCK



RAKE'S PROGRESS.
"He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

PUCK

DIFFERENCES.

[One of the reasons for the difficulty in organizing stenographers and typewriters is the wide differences in ability and earning capacity among individuals.—*Daily Paper.*]

BUT PERHAPS you hire a plumber to turn the water on, And the simple job is bungled and he makes an awful mess.

You discover when the plumber and the 'prentice hand are gone That your property is damaged forty dollars, more or less.

All plumbers do not plumb alike—we're ready to admit.

There's a difference in plumbers. You may have noticed it,

Or perhaps you hire a carpenter to build a chicken-coop

Who can hardly saw a scantling and can barely drive a nail.

He establishes the fact that he's a perfect nincompoop.

Yet the nincompoop is "organized" and draws the union scale.

All carpenters are not alike—we cheerfully submit.

There's a difference in carpenters. You may have noticed it.

But perhaps the greatest difference, if anybody asks,

Is between our modern workers and the men of long ago. The workmen of an elder day took pleasure in their tasks

And were not forever listening to hear the whistle blow.

Pray compare an old-time manor with a present-day misfit:

There's a difference in workmanship. You may have noticed it. *B. L. T.*



LOOKS FIERCE, DOESN'T IT?

WELL, WE MEANT IT TO; WE DESIGNED IT TO ILLUSTRATE ANY ONE OF THE SEASON'S CROP OF YACHTING STORIES.

A MESSAGE TO MARS.

THE Martian astronomer turned his big refractor on the Earth. The seeing was particularly good that evening, and what had formerly appeared on the Earth's surface as a foggy patch of light now stood out clear—a ring within which was the mysterious word "ZOZO."

"There is something else," said the astronomer to his young assistant. "Your eyes are better than mine. What do you make it?"

The younger man clapped his eye to the tube. He too descried the mysterious "Zozo," and beneath it, in smaller letters, the words, "For the Teeth."

"Ah, yes," murmured the old astronomer. "So they still use those crude methods of advertising."

"You must remember," said his assistant, "that the Earthians are much younger than we."

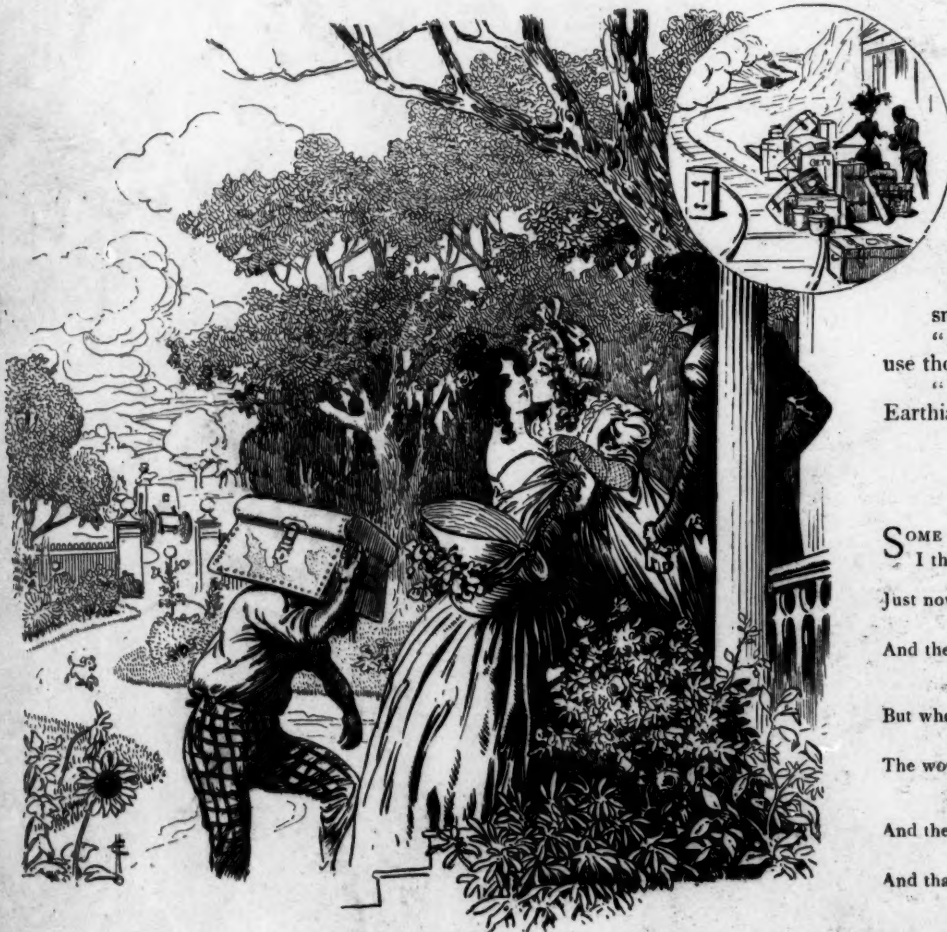
PROSPICE.

SOME DAY when I have lots of time and nothing else to do, I think that I will fall in love,—and fall in love with you.

Just now I don't believe I could, my work distracts me so, And then one can't afford it when one's bank account is low.

But when my work is mostly done, and pay-day comes around, The words "I am engaged" will have a most enticing sound.

And then—well, one thing anyway is certain to be true, And that is, if I fall in love, I'll fall in love with you. *H. A. Bellows.*



GREAT-GRANDMAMA'S ARRIVAL.

ALSO, GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER'S; A COMMENT ON VACATION TRUNKS.

EVEN after he reaches the point where he has to use a trunk strap for a belt a man still feels that he has a pleasing personality.

There would be fewer cases of love at first sight if more people were gifted with second sight.



ON ROYALTY'S TRACK.

THE LIONESS.—Why, Leo! What are you running from that measly little rabbit for—*you*, the King of Beasts?

HIS MAJESTY.—Sh-h! Come on! He's an Anarchist!

NOW AND THEN.



NOW AND THEN I make a journey
To a lovely land afar,
Mingling in a mighty tourney
With a costly motor car.
Now I spin and now I speed;
Now I struggle with the brake;
Now I am a swell indeed—
Then I wake!

Now and then I build a castle
For my summer residence.
Every servant is my vassal,
And the service is immense.
Now I am a nabob proud;
Now I scorn the country Jake;
Now I'm lurid, large and loud—
Then I wake!

Now and then the Lusitania
Do I board for Europe's shore—
Albion's isle, Paree, Hispania,
Rome and half a dozen more.
Now I smoothly sail the deep;
Now the common mob I shake;
Now, of course, I am asleep—
Then I wake!

Robertus Love.

THE ETIQUETTE NOVEL.

A ROBERT W. CHAMBERS ROMANCE.

SHE stood quite placid in her abstraction, even though the furious pounding of those eight mad hoofs struck sparks and clamor from the road metal. It was really all young Worthington could do to leap from the kerb, grasp the bridles and the pole, and fling the runaways to one side.

After he had flicked the dust from his shoes (one hardly addresses a lady when his boots are not immaculate) he lifted his bright-ribboned stiff (not panama) straw hat tentatively.

She smiled a little. He wondered if it was at the idea of permitting his salutation without a formal introduction. "I have not offended you?" he ventured.

"I expected it of you."

He realized how non-committal and clever she was. He smiled frankly. "I could hardly have done less."

"No, you could not." Her emphasis was a delicious compliment. He reddened. "One might as well expect you to dip your soup toward instead of away from you, or to tilt your plate, or—"

"Eat it with a sponge."

Her face clouded. He was instantly at her side, penitent. "I do not know how I could have uttered such a coarseness."

"It was a sin against our caste."

"The last thing on earth I would have believed that any woman could make me forget."

There was a vigor in his speech that disarmed her.

"I should have stopped them myself," she explained, "but the hostler had left the reins greasy, and I did not care to soil my gloves."

What a keen sportsman's eye she had! "I noticed it, too," he agreed, throwing his own, now useless, gloves away. "I'll tell Billy about it—"

"Then you knew his horses—"

"Oh, yes. In fact I—"

"Stop," she said, coldly. "We are getting along much too fast. Although it is curious we have not met. Our set is so exclusive." She noticed with relief that his sleeve had settled to show just the proper seven-eighths inch of cuff.

"This matter," he reassured her, reading her thoughts, "is forgotten. My desire to meet you will spontaneously originate in my brain to-night" (he would force himself to remain sober) "and then Billy must—"

"Oh, please, details are not quite good form."

He crushed his handkerchief back under his cuff, raised his hat, bowed, with feeling but not too profoundly, then gracefully stepped back out of her sight. She threw a careless glance after him. Then she stabbed the pointed tip of her parasol into the card that had dropped from his pocket, and lifted it.

She smiled happily. It was the right club. But of course she had known that it would be.

Layton Brewer.



RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

EMPLOYER.—We need a man, sir, who is not afraid of doing dirty work.

APPLICANT FOR SUMMER JOB.—That's me. I have played on our Varsity Foot-Ball Team for three years.

ON THE OUTINGS

of the season's sports, thousands will, under the heat and fatigue, feel the need of cheer and comfort.

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THE PURE AND PERFECT STIMULANT


will be first sought for Health and Hospitality, and it gives this hint—"Take a Dainty Hunter Julep" with its fresh and fragrant mint.

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TOILET POWDER
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YEARNING.

I een love weeth Mag McCue.
Ah! so sweeta 'Merican!
Evra day I see her, too,
Pass by dees peanutta stan'.
Once ees tal me smarta man:
"Eef a girl ees smile at you,
Wavin' deesa way her han',
Dat'sa mean she love you true."

Oh, my leetla lady dear,
Lasta time you passa here
An' you smile upon me so,
Eet ees mak' me feel so queer.
Why ees dat, I lika know?

I een love weeth Mag McCue.
Ah! so sweeta 'Merican!
I would know w'at I should do
Eef she was Eetalian.
But ees hard to ondrastan'
Eef she really love me true
W'en she smile an' wave her han'
Lika lasta night she do.

Oh, my leetla lady dear,
Nexta time you passa here
Would you mak' me glad an' proud?
Don'ta wave your han' so queer,
Pleassa, don'ta smile so loud.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

HOT.

Those scientists are right; the sun is losing its heat—and we are getting it.
—Florida Times-Union.

SECURELY FOUNDED.

"What is the fame of Fairbanks based on?"
"The log cabin he wasn't born in, the early struggle he never had, and the buttermilk he didn't drink."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHERE HE LIVES.

"That society man lives in very humble quarters, doesn't he?"
"I don't know where he gets his mail, but he lives where people invite him to dinner."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

VERY few of the greatest men in history have been able to say with Mr. Roosevelt on abandoning the limelight of politics, "I have had a perfectly corking time."
—Wash. Star.

WHILE this enlightened and powerful nation is building a great navy to overawe the rest of the world, Brazil has passed an organic law that forbids its Congress from declaring war without first proposing arbitration.
—Columbia State.

PAST HIS UNDERSTANDING.

"But your Western life," said Miss Kulcher, "is so close to nature I should think you'd be fond of the poets."

"But, ma'am," replied Mr. Lariat, of Montana, "I don't understand 'em; I met a poet once and he wouldn't take a drink."
—Cath. Standard and Times.

QUIET, INDEED.

TOMMIE.—Gee! It's orful quiet over ter our house.

SAMMIE.—What's th' matter? Somebody sick?

TOMMIE.—No; ma's went away and took the phonograph with her! —Yonkers Statesman.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. They have some device added to them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson Safety is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—not near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

HAMMER THE HAMMER

"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickel-plated, 32 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 32 cal. center-fire, 3 1/4-inch barrel, \$6 (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

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IVER JOHNSON SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUNS AND TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLES

Hammer the Hammer



THE PERSON.

STRANGER IN THE PORT.—Who discovered the country around here? Was it the English or the Dutch?

ONE OF THE MANY CAP'NS.—Why, I can't tell fur sartin, but seems t' me 'twuz discovered by a feller who writes fur the magazines.

Hotels and restaurants should have a bottle of Abbott's Bitters handy in the dining-room for a fruit cocktail. Adds to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

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PARTISAN DEBATE.

"Taft a statesman!" sneered the Democrat. "Why, he hasn't the first requisite."

"You are showing your ignorance," replied the Republican, hotly. "Why do you say that for?"

"Because it's true. 'Where's the log cabin in which he was born?' Tell me that! Statesman!"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THERE seems to be a feeling in certain quarters that one of the best things about Sherman is Taft's remarkable freedom from bodily ills.—*Chi. Rec.-Herald*.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

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Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

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STILL DOING SERVICE.

BILL.—Is that watch your father gave you ten years ago still doing good service?

JILL.—Yep! I pawned it again to-day, for the twentieth time.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

METEOROLOGICAL.

The poet called a June day rare,
Because the July sun,
With blazing beam and cloudless
glare,

Would give us days well done.
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

NO WONDER.

She said she loved him with all her might.

No wonder he was elate.

For she was a widow in weeds bedight,
And a widow's mite is great.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SOOTHING.

"Louder! Louder!" shrieked the delegates.

"Gentlemen," protested the presiding officer, "I can assure you that the disappointment of those who can't hear isn't a marker to the disappointment of those who can."—*Phila. Ledger*.

TENDER-HEARTED.

MISS ASCUM.—I thought you weren't going to send Marie McInnes an invitation to your party.

MISS CUTTING.—Oh! I decided it wouldn't be right to hurt her feelings that much.

MISS ASCUM.—So you sent her one?

MISS CUTTING.—Yes, but I addressed it to Miss Mary McGinnis.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

VESTED INTERESTS AND POVERTY.

Whenever the majority of the people seem to have a chance of getting favorable laws, the small minority, the few that Senator LaFollette says control the country, rise up and talk about vested interests and property. This time, however, it is used by the Manufacturers' Association in a resolution passed at their recent meeting in New York City. The resolution says: "We have had excess agitation under the guise of moral crusades, such as child labor, railway reform and similar movements, which are excellent and desirable in reasonable measure, but not so when pressed to the hazard of vested interests and property." How the mind of any man of the least enlightenment and of even the vaguest morality could have evolved that resolution, is hard to imagine. How a great national organization could stamp it with its approval is inconceivable. But in the records of the National Association of Manufacturers stands that declaration of the principle that child-labor laws are not excellent nor desirable, "when pressed to the hazard of vested interests and property."—*The Eastern Dealer (Phila.)*.

ROOSEVELT "rests" a good deal like a runaway engine hitting the down grade.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE humble Indianapolis machinist who was fined \$1,500 for violation of the anti-trust laws has been dispossessed of his home in order that the fine might be collected. The Standard Oil Company has not yet paid its fine.—*The Commoner*.



If there's one thing that will loosen the bristles of an ordinary shaving brush it's hot water—so essential to shaving. That's why brushes put in with rosin, cement or glue leave a trail of bristles from ear to chin—dangerous to the face—hard on the razor.

For the first time in the history of shaving, this trouble has been absolutely overcome by the invention of

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

In these brushes the selected bristles are held together by vulcanized rubber, making the seat of the brush practically one solid piece. Not only are Rubber Set Shaving Brushes absolutely impervious to hot water, soap and rough handling, but you cannot pull out a bristle if you try.

At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to \$6.00. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet, from which you may order BY MAIL.

To the average man we
commend the \$1.00 brush.

Rubber Set Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard without rubbing with the hand. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. See a tube at all dealers. Send for sample tube containing one month's supply.

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Don't let whiskey
get the best of you!
Say "Trimble"
and you get the best
of whiskey.

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Whiskey
Green Label.

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A BALLAD OF THE SENIOR.

It was a gallant senior lad who rose at four o'clock
(Observing Constitutional law), to walk around the block,
To see once more the College Yard at sunrise, and to say
His fond farewell to Harvard on the morning of Class Day.

He rose at four o'clock, I said, or rather I should say
At four his Patent Intermittent clock began to bray;
The senior glared with anger, then remembered that tradition
Demanded now his presence in the walks of erudition.

He stopped for just a moment, for he'd planned to sit once more
In early morning on the marble steps of dear U4;
He stopped a moment, joyful, happy, glad to be alive—
The intermittent didn't stop. He set the thing at five.

At five o'clock he rose again, impelled by some monition,
Just long enough to gather up some heavy ammunition—
A pair of shoes, a hockey stick, a ruler, and some bricks—
He threw them at the clock. It stopped. He set the thing at six.

An hour later came again the tattoo. He was tired
And waited seven minutes till the patent had expired,
And thought to sleep a little more—he knew that duty's call
Would sound at promptly seven from the bell on Harvard Hall.

It was a gallant senior lad who woke at ten A. M.
To find that breakfast time had passed—for he was fond of Mem.—
To find he'd cut a date with Her. That made him feel so cheap
That with a sigh he cursed the clock—and then went back to sleep.

—Harvard Lampoon.

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By the Humorous Syndicate

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ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
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of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par
Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and
Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever
and amusing burlesque on the novel of
historio-adventure. We consider it
strange it has not been done before,
but it is certainly well done now.

—Detroit Free Press.

The adventures which Robert Gaston
de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio
Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and
Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowd-
ing into the short space of forty-eight
hours are astounding.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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ital travesty of the romances of the
sword by American imitators of Alex-
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erous and popular in the last few years.
The satire is keen and even the victims
cannot fail to admire the skill with
which the sharp thrusts are given.

—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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When you're half
shaved, is the remain-
ing lather on your face
still moist?

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shaves) sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

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THE RICH CULPRIT.

"I am sorry to inconvenience you,"
said the policeman, "but your machine
was going forty miles an hour."

"Don't apologize," replied Mr.
Goulderbilt. "Always do your duty.
John, go right along with the officer
and be fined."—Phila. Ledger.

HE COULD TELL.

CHURCH.—I don't believe you can
tell the difference between a stable
and a garage.

GOTHAM.—Why, do you think I
have no sense of smell? —Yonkers
Statesman.

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count he might have cherished a pleasing
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William Hoffman, 200 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE PRIVILEGE OF AGE.

THE OLD 'UN.—Yessir, when I was a boy, I caught many a fine
mess of fish in this here pond.

THE YOUNG 'UN.—Yessir, an' when I get old, I'll say I did too.

To half a grape fruit add a teaspoonful of Abbott's
Bitters, and sugar to suit the taste. It's the ideal
way to serve this delicious fruit.

Just why one brand has set the quality-pace for over half a century you will best understand when once you have smoked

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

CAMBRIDGE
in boxes of ten
25c

AMBASSADOR
the after-dinner size
35c



MERELY IMPATIENT.

"He says he is an anarchist!" exclaimed the citizen who is always being shocked.

"Nonsense," answered the calm and collected person. "He is merely one of these impatient people who can't wait till the Fourth of July for the excitement of promiscuous explosions." *Washington Star.*

It is again noticed that when times are depressed men go back to the farm—which is one result that cannot be deplored. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



AMONG other amusing things is the spectacle of a Republican Congressman who dare not call his congressional soul his own talking about the incapacity of the Filipinos for self-government. — *The Commoner.*

"COME to think of it, it would be hard for William Waldorf Astor to do anything that would irritate this country much," says the *Royal Richmond Times-Dispatch*. Well, suppose he should decide to come back? — *Washington Herald.*

BENEFITED EITHER WAY.

"Have you thought of the possibility of defeat, Mr. Taft?"

"Well," replied the rotund Secretary, "what's the use of fretting about that? The campaign 'll make me work off at least fifty pounds, anyhow." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

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By Leighton Budd.

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"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."
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A FLORIDA man is going from New York to St. Augustine in a boat made entirely of newspapers. Hereafter, people should be careful how they express doubts about newspaper stories not being able to hold water. — *Washington Herald.*

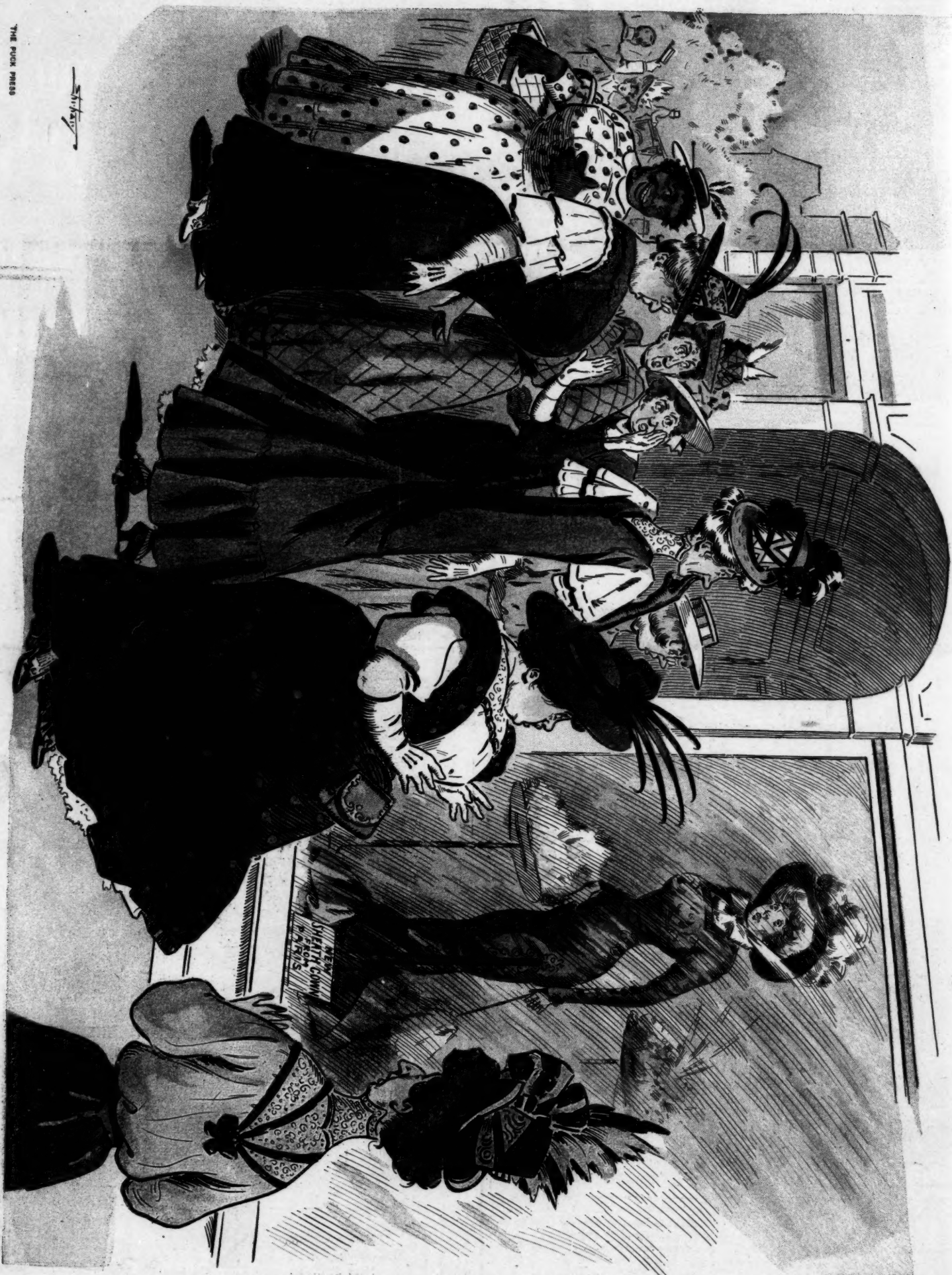


PRINCIPLE.

MISS SWEETLY.—Why, Miss Scrawny! I thought you said fishing was cruelty.

MISS SCRAWNY.—So it is. I'll give every fish I catch his liberty.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.



"SCANDALOUS!!"